

Firewhiskey for Butterbeer

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Summary: James is having a fantastic Saturday. Quidditch, Lily, his best mates, firewhiskey. What more could he want?

Firewhiskey for Butterbeer

Honestly, the number of story ideas I have that I don't write down because I don't have a title for the story is absolutely ridiculous. This one was knocking around my head for a while before I thought of a title and wrote it down. I'm already working on another one. Hope you all enjoy it; remember I don't own anything.

-Ninjanervana

* * *

><p>If you asked James Potter how his day was going, he would look around the crowded common room with an amused grin, taking in the partiers before telling you that he was having a very good Saturday. His grin would widen as he thought about his entire day, his hazel eyes twinkling with happiness. Then he'd clap his hand on your shoulder, tell you to grab a drink and enjoy the party, before wandering off to find his friends.<p>

Saturdays were already one of James's favorite days of the week; there were no classes to attend and since there were no classes to attend, it was perfectly acceptable to have a lie in. Which he would have thoroughly enjoyed that morning, but he had to wake up early. Normally waking up early on a Saturday was absolutely unacceptable but as there was a Gryffindor versus Ravenclaw Quidditch match that morning, he was willing to deal with the early rising. There were very few things as close to James's heart as Quidditch was.

As captain of the Gryffindor team, he made sure everyone was assembled in the Great Hall by eight so they could have a hearty breakfast and get in a warm up before the match started around

eleven. It took some fussing with some of his teammates, but he managed to get everyone assembled without getting too far behind schedule. The air around the team was buzzing with pre-match excitement, everyone chattering happily about how they would wipe the pitch with the Ravenclaw team. It was the perfect sort of fall morning for Quidditch: the air was cool, but lacked the bite that came with the first chill of winter. The sky was cloudy, but the clouds were still thin enough to let through the sun's rays. Yes, the morning was just about perfect before James looked up from his nearly empty plate, his gaze wandering toward the entrance of the Great Hall. And then he saw her standing there and his morning got ten times better.

Lily Evans smiled as she spotted James sitting at the Gryffindor table and he swore he felt his heart swell with joy, threatening to break free from his chest. He'd spent years watching Lily smile at people, but to have it directed at him was like being struck with lightning, giving his heart a jolt every time. After years of back and forth between them, of screaming and hexes and rejected dates and arrogance, finally finally finally they had gotten together. Some days James swore he was living a dream that he would soon wake up from. There was just no way Lily Evans, _the Lily Evans,_ was his girlfriend. Even after a month and half, he was still in shock. He had a feeling he always would be.

A smug grin spread across James's lips as he stared at Lily. She had tied her long red hair into a ponytail, unintentionally showing off the hickey he had left on her neck days earlier during patrols. He could just see a bit of it peeking out from beneath the collar of her shirt. It was something that could be easily missed by someone, but he hadn't missed it. Personally he'd have her always wear her hair up to show off the hickeys he left behind, but he knew better than to voice that thought. Such a comment would get him banned from leaving hickeys on her and possibly get him banned from snagging her. "That shirt looks familiar, Evans," he teased as she slid onto the bench beside him.

"This old thing?" Lily said innocently, pecking his cheek before looking down at the red and gold jersey she wore. She ran her hands down the front of the shirt. "Sirius gave it to me this morning; I thought it was a little big, but it was nothing a shrinking charm couldn't handle. I had to show off my school spirit, you know."

"Looks an awful lot like a Quidditch jersey for someone who doesn't play," he replied with a grin.

"Well I am going to a Quidditch match today, so it is rather fitting," she laughed as she grabbed a piece of toast from his plate.

James fought back the grin threatening to crack his cheeks as he stroked his chin in mock contemplation. "You know, it looks a bit like my Quidditch jersey from last year."

Lily gasped in false surprise. "Really? Perhaps you should check to see if it has your name on it." She gave him a broad smile before she pulled her hair aside, displaying the large gold letters baring his name across the back of the red jersey.

He didn't think he had ever been so glad to see his name on an article of clothing in his life, not even when he received his first Gryffindor Quidditch jersey. His heart swelled with pride and happiness as he kissed the back of her neck. "Potter," he read, tracing his fingers across the letters.

"I guess it must be yours then. Did you want it back?" she questioned, her green eyes twinkling with mischief as she smirked at him.

James could feel his face flush at her words, his brain scrambling to string together a coherent sentence. "You keep it," he replied hoarsely, taking a quick swig of pumpkin juice to ease his suddenly dry throat. "Looks better on you."

Lily leaned closer to him, her lips lightly brushing against his ear. "Maybe later I'll show you exactly how good I look in it," she whispered, winking at him as she pulled away.

Suddenly the Quidditch match was the last thing on James's mind. All he could think about was Lily Evans, his Quidditch jersey and their very empty Heads' dormitory. He was contemplating the quickest route to the dorms when he realized someone had called his name, several times possibly.

"Captain," one of the Beaters called loudly. The rest of the Quidditch team stood assembled around the table, looking at him eagerly. "We should probably head to the pitch, yeah?"

James cleared his throat, nodding jerkily. He could see Lily smirking out of the corner of his eye as she finished off her piece of toast. "Yeah, let's make our way down," he agreed as he stood, grabbing his broom. He bent down, capturing Lily's lips in a searing kiss, his free hand caressing the back of her neck. "You're in trouble later, you little minx," he whispered against her lips, his thumb lightly stroking her hickey.

Lily's breath stuttered slightly under his touch, her green eyes meeting his hazel ones. "Win the match and maybe you and I can have our own victory party tonight, yeah?" she replied with an impish grin.

He chuckled softly, kissing her once more. "Quickest match you've ever seen," he promised as he turned to go. "Mark my words, Lily Evans." As Lily's answering laugh reached his ears, he smiled to himself. Saturdays really were wonderful days.

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><p>Hours later, James stood in the Gryffindor common room, surrounded by a crowd of people congratulating him. The common room was filled to capacity with students from all years, though students under fourth year were slowly being sent upstairs as the party got rowdier. Music blared from speakers in the corners of the room, mixing with the conversations and laughter of the students. A table of food and snacks was pressed against one wall while a table of drinks rested beside it, courtesy of the Marauders. They had been providing alcoholic drinks for the Gryffindor parties since fourth year.<p>

Gryffindor had won the Quidditch match; it hadn't been the quickest match ever, honestly it had taken hours for them to catch the snitch, but he didn't have to make a stop by the hospital wing afterward so he considered it a success. From the moment he stepped into the common room, he was bombarded by congratulations and well wishes from his fellow Gryffindors. He appreciated it all, truly he did, but all he wanted was to find his best mates, his girlfriend, and a bottle of firewhiskey to relax with.

Two of those things were accomplished as Sirius pushed his way through the crowd, wrapping an arm around James's shoulder as he handed him a bottle of firewhiskey. "Alright, alright, let them man breathe already and enjoy his victory party," Sirius chuckled, shooing off the crowd. "He has a very pretty girlfriend that I'm _sure_ wants to congratulate him."

The crowd laughed as they dispersed, remembering how long James spent chasing after Lily. James was pretty sure most of them had bets on whether they'd get together or not. "Thanks, mate," he said appreciatively as he took a long pull of his firewhiskey. "Thought I was gonna die here."

"What are best mates for?" Sirius laughed as he drank from his own bottle. "Can't let them steal you away from us. We have dibs. But you're several drinks behind all of us; even Red's ahead of you right now."

James laughed, shaking his head. He couldn't picture Lily drinking that much, not the responsible Head Girl. He looked around the room, trying to spot Lily's bright red hair. "Where are Lily and the others?" he asked curiously. "I haven't seen any of them since I got here."

Sirius grinned wickedly, his eyes twinkling in amusement. "James my boy, I'm _so_ glad you asked." Before James could ask what he was talking about or get worried about his words, Sirius planted his palms on James's shoulders, turning him in the opposite direction.

James felt his jaw slacken, vaguely aware of Sirius snickering beside him. Standing on top of the coffee table, a bottle of firewhiskey in hand as she danced with Marlene McKinnon, was Lily. Her face was flushed from the alcohol and her laughter, her skin a lovely pink. She tossed her head back as she laughed loudly, her red hair shining like copper beneath the light. She shimmied along to the music, still clad in James's Quidditch jersey and a short black skirt. "Merlin I love skirts," he murmured as his eyes roamed her legs. He had seen Lily in skirts for years, it was part of her uniform, but he had never seen her legs without her knee-high socks. The creamy skin of her calves was bared to his eyes and the skirt she wore showed off more of her thighs than her uniform ever would. He could feel his hands practically itching to travel those curves.

"I've never seen Red let loose like this before," he chuckled. "Shoulda gotten her drunk years ago."

"I've never seen her in a skirt like that," James replied. "Or dancing on a table."

"She probably shouldn't have had so many shots of firewhiskey with

McKinnon, but a bit late for regrets now," Sirius mused, his own eyes glassy from drinking.

"A bit," he chuckled as he took another drink of firewhiskey before making his way through the crowd. "Who convinced her to do firewhiskey shots?"

"Me, of course," Sirius replied proudly. "She couldn't just stand around waiting for you to show up. Once she got started, there was no stopping her."

James laughed loudly, looking over at his best mate. "Sirius Black, did you get the Head Girl plastered?"

His grin widened at his words, nodding. "I did. I must say I'm quite proud of myself. Impressed too."

"I'm impressed too," James chuckled, clapping a hand on Sirius's shoulder as they finally reached the coffee table. He finished his bottle of firewhiskey before setting it next to the couches. He nodded at Remus and Peter as they sat on the couch, probably making sure Lily didn't topple off the table.

"The hero of the match arrives," Remus laughed, raising his glass toward James.

"Better late than never right," he replied as he approached Lily. A smirk crossed his face as he looked up at her, watching the sway of her hips. Merlin, she was too perfect to be real. "Hello love," James called after a minute.

Lily looked down at the sound of his voice, her green eyes brightening through the fog of alcohol. "James," she called excitedly as she threw herself at him enthusiastically, almost slipping off the table.

"Careful," he laughed as he wrapped his arms around her, holding her steady as he lowered her feet to the ground. "We don't want any accidents."

She laughed with him, kissing him soundly. He could taste the firewhiskey on her breath; she definitely had more than a few drinks. She ran her fingers through his messy hair before pulling away. "What took you so long? I've been waiting," she slurred slightly as she rested her palms on his shoulders.

James ran his hand down her back lovingly. "Sorry, got mobbed down by people when I came through the portrait hole," he apologized. Even piss drunk she was absolutely gorgeous. "Seems like you've been having a good enough time with the others."

"The boys kept me company," she replied before taking a drink from her bottle.

"Sirius insisted that she trade Butterbeer for firewhiskey," Peter commented with a chuckle. "Next thing we knew she was taking off her shoes and dancing on the coffee table."

"So I've heard. He's quite pleased with himself, but he'll get the blame if Lily is hungover tomorrow," he said as he kissed Lily's

forehead. He smiled as she leaned into him, her arms wrapped loosely around his body. "How much have you had to drink, Lil?"

Lily was quiet for a second, her brow wrinkled in concentration. "I don't remember," she answered. "A lot. I've never really h-had firewhiskey."

Sirius roared with laughter, plopping onto the couch beside Remus. "This will easily be my best idea ever. What happens when you mix firewhiskey with our lightweight Head Girl, Lily Evans?" he said gleefully as he summoned a few more bottles of the drink. "Let's find out."

"I am not a lightweight," Lily huffed, glaring at him. "I'm perfectly fine."

"You're perfectly plastered," Sirius retorted, passing out the bottles. "Taking shots, dancing on tables, I never thought I'd see this side of Lily Evans; it's brilliant. But not to worry, we've all been there."

James plucked the bottle of firewhiskey for Lily's hand, quickly finishing its contents before she could. "Maybe we should switch you over to Butterbeer or water, Lil," he suggested.

Lily pouted, her hands moving to rest on his chest. "But James," she whined. "Please?"

"But James," Sirius echoed, "don't ruin the run."

He looked down at her, sighing quietly. He wanted to give into her demands as she pouted, but he knew she wouldn't thank him in the morning for it. "Trust me on this one, Lily, alright?" he said, kissing her lightly. "You want to pace yourself with firewhiskey."

To his relief, Lily sighed and nodded, wrapping her arms around his torso again. "Can we sit? I'm kinda dizzy," she slurred.

James carefully backed them toward the couch, sitting down before pulling Lily onto his lap. He smiled as she curled into him, her head resting on his shoulder as he wrapped an arm around her. For years, she could barely tolerate his presence; now he was thrilled that she sought him out, that she relied on him. "There's no way I can get her back to the Heads' dorm like this," James said as Peter handed him another bottle of firewhiskey. "She's too drunk."

"So stay in the boys' dorm tonight," Remus answered easily. "Your bed is still there; I think you've still got some clothes in the trunk."

"And when Lily wakes up completely hungover, we'll get to witness it firsthand," Sirius added.

"As if you won't be just as hungover," James laughed as he took a drink.

Sirius shrugged his shoulders as he finished off his bottle of firewhiskey. "Definitely worth it," he answered. "This is a once in a lifetime chance to see our Head Girl drunk. I wouldn't miss it for

anything."

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><p>The party began to wind down around two in the morning, people stumbling off to their bed or drifting out of their common room to find some privacy with their significant other of the night. James had a nice buzz from the firewhiskey, but he definitely wasn't as drunk as his best mates. Lily had fallen asleep on his lap an hour before, her head tucked beneath his chin and her arms wrapped around him loosely. Judging by the number of people passed out drunk in the common room, James thought the party was a success overall. "Whose turn is it to take Sirius upstairs?" James questioned as he looked over at Sirius passed out on the floor beside the couch.<p>

"I think it's yours," Remus slurred slightly, running his hand through his hair. "But you've got your arms full with Lily. I'll take care of him."

James nodded, carefully shifting Lily as he tried to wake her. "Thanks, Moony; I think we're gonna head up now. You think Peter is going to come back tonight?"

Remus shrugged his shoulders, "He went off with Maria, so I wouldn't bet he'll be back anytime soon. Maybe in the morning."

"About time he found someone," he chuckled, rubbing Lily's back as he tried to wake her. "Lily? Love, you've gotta wake up now."

Lily groaned softly, turning her face against his neck. "Five more minutes," she mumbled. "Please."

"We've gotta get up to bed," James chuckled. "You want to sleep in a bed tonight, don't you?"

"You're comfortable," she slurred, rubbing her eyes tiredly.

Remus laughed softly, shaking his head in amusement. "Trust me, Lily; you're going to want to sleep in a bed."

"Someone said bed?" Sirius called from his spot on the floor, his eyes opening slowly. "Bed sounds great."

"Oh good, you're alive," James said cheerfully as he helped Lily stand. She leaned into him heavily, her head resting against his chest as his arms wrapped around her waist. "Thought Remus was going to have to drag your sorry ass upstairs."

"I've still got to drag him upstairs," Remus snarked. "He'll just be awake for it."

Sirius sat up slowly, groaning. "Guess the party's over then," he mumbled. "But Lil's standin' so that's good."

James snorted, "Barely. It's more me propping her up."

"How you holding up, Red?" Sirius questioned as he finally made his way onto the couch, leaning against Remus.

"I'm tired," Lily mumbled, opening her eyes to look at Sirius and

Remus. "And drunk maybe."

James chuckled, kissing her forehead. "I'll see you lads tomorrow; my lady needs some rest."

"Night boys," Lily mumbled, waving weakly as James guided her to the stairs of the boys' dormitory.

Getting Lily up the stairs was more difficult than James anticipated, taking considerably longer than he thought it would have. He guided Lily over to his old bed, sitting her down on it. He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, watching as her blinks got slower and slower. "Don't fall back asleep," he warned her before moving to the trunk at the foot of the bed. "You've gotta change."

"I don't have clothes here," she slurred as she laid back on the bed, her red hair fanning around her.

James tumbled through the trunk, pulling out a pair of shorts that looked like they might fit her. "You'll want to change out of your skirt at least; I can't imagine that it's too comfortable," he replied as he moved back around to her. He frowned as he saw her eyes closed again. "Come on, Lil, just change into some shorts. I don't think you want me to help you with that; we haven't been dating that long."

"Why do you keep making me move?" Lily whined as she sat up slowly, her eyes glassy as she looked up at him. "I'm tired; I wanna sleep."

He chuckled, kissing her forehead before handing her the shorts. "I promise once you get changed, I won't make you move anymore tonight," he replied. "So you get changed here and I'm going to get changed in the bathroom, alright? Then we'll go to sleep."

Lily nodded tiredly, drawing the curtains around the bed so she could change her clothes. James hurried to the bathroom, pulling on the t-shirt and shorts he had found; the last thing he wanted was Lily hurting herself because he left her alone. With how drunk she was, he wouldn't be surprised if she managed to fall off the bed. As he exited the bathroom, the curtains on his side of the bed were open, revealing Lily stretched out on the bed. Smiling, he climbed into bed beside her, shutting the curtains. He had a feeling the morning sunlight would not be a friend to her.

"James?" she called sleepily as he laid beside her.

"I'm here," he murmured, covering her with the blanket before pulling her body tight against her. His body relaxed as she leaned into him, his hand stroking her hair lightly. "I'm right here, love."

Lily shifted to lay her head on his chest, her hand gripping his shirt lightly. "I had a lot of fun tonight," she sighed. "The boys are fun."

He chuckled softly, kissing her forehead. "I'll bet you did; it was a good party. And the guys love you."

"Maybe tomorrow we can have our victory party?" Lily mumbled tiredly.

James raised an eyebrow in surprise, recalling her comment from earlier in the day. "We'll worry about that another time, yeah? You just worry about getting some sleep," he crooned, stroking her hair. As she remained silent, he was sure she had fallen back asleep; she was exhausted and drunk out of her mind. He was on the verge of sleep, comforted by the warmth of Lily's body, when he heard her speak again, the three words slipping softly from her lips.

"Love you, James," she sighed, her body completely relaxed as she slept.

He smiled broadly, pressing his lips against her forehead. "I love you too," he whispered.

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><p>Reviews please!<p>

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